

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

A woman's printing company is to be organized in St. Louis.

The Italian sardine is fast giving way to the American "shadine."

A life insurance company for women is in process of organization in St. Louis.

Goon potatoes and corn have their eyes and ears about them.

The good days of "green fruit," especially during the season of green fruit.

The Vienna Exposition is now called the "Vienna Exposition." Expositions are played out.

No objection can possibly be made to receiving an epileptic patient at a hospital because he is in a state of health.

The Mexican Minister is of opinion that no trouble will ensue from the McKenize raid into Mexico.

One of the Danbury men's clerical announces the marriage fee at \$5; children half price.

Grasshopper shortcakes and potato pies are popular in the Chinese restaurants at San Francisco.

Stockings with red spots are to be worn with low shoes this summer, so that mosquito bites won't show.

The woman's Journal has captured a Massachusetts girl who would marry in two days to attend a circus.

The colored farmers of Shelby County, Tenn., have organized an agricultural association of their own.

Chester County, Pa., last week admitted to probate a last will and testament written on a slate.

A ring in Columbus, Ga., was recently exhibited by the spontaneous fission of five dozen champagne.

The Herald, having correspondents all over the "five quarters of the globe," is now looking out for a sixth quarter.

A Cairo pound-keeper has resigned because the common council made a fuss about his writing "Hon." before his name.

Says a minister, at a marriage, to a farmer: Our joint occupations represent the chief excellence of life. "You'll, I'll." (Utility.)

A small bird, somewhat resembling the sparrow, is eating up the devastating grasshopper in Texas, and the farmers are happy.

There is more Milwaukee beer sold in New York in a month than the Milwaukee brewers can brew in a year. The days of miracles are not yet past.

The one of several competitors who eats the largest meal next week at Atlantic City, is to win the proud title of champion of the State.

This Danbury News man has observed that when a man has trouble he takes to drink, but when a woman meets with misfortune she merely goes over to her mother's and takes tea.

Yours ladies who are disgusted with things in general, as many of them profess to be, are reminded that there are three hundred nurseries in the United States.

There is a young girl in Brooklyn, N. Y., who for a long time has supported herself by dying of love, but a council of eminent physicians called lately pronounced to be dyspepsia.

A Scotch missionary, in speaking of cannibalism, solemnly declares that his own part he would rather go hungry for two days than eat an old personal friend.

An honest lover in Massachusetts has given to his prospective father-in-law a load of wood to represent the quantity of his evening "sparkling" visits last winter.

A Vermont school-teacher has struck the thing at last. He makes unruly boys turn a grindstone one thousand times, while another boy bears on with a stick of wood.

Why is blind man's buff like sympathy? Because it's a feller feeling for a feller critter! Another feller says the same would apply to the tow-headed boy who scratches his head.

Three New Hampshire brothers recently married a mother, a daughter, and a grand-daughter, and it was the oldest of the brothers that married the grand-daughter.

Detroit holds up for admiration and imitation a boy eleven years old who can keep so still that even the doctor can't tell whether he's alive or not.

Pittsburgh merchants have combined to test the validity of the city ordinance forbidding them to wear their sign over the sidewalk; which they contend is a sign qua non to attract custom.

"Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of places and fortunes wherever he goes. He has a right to the trouble of earning or owing them; they solicit him to enter and possess."—Emerson.

So many marriages have taken place of late in the senior class of the college at Ithaca, N. Y., that the college authorities are doubtful of the wisdom of sending their darlings to institutions where education is mixed.

A French lady, on her arrival in this city, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with; and being pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied: "No, I thank you; I eat only my acquaintance."

"Well, I always make it a rule to tell my wife everything that happens," declared Brownie. "Oh, my dear fellow, that's nothing!" said Smithy. "I tell my wife lots of things that never happen at all."

This shoe is hereafter to be made upon the idea of common comfort. Paris makes the shoe, and the course the fashionable world will follow. The heel will be low, and made as near as possible like the natural.

"Elegant simplicity" receives a fresh illustration in the case of the Cincinnati school miss who, wishing to discourage extravagance in dress among her poorer scholars, appeared at her school exhibition in a calico garment the trimmings of which cost \$100.

Which was Beaten.

We were boys together, George Gibson and I. We were employed as salesmen in a grocery store. Business being quite dull, our employer gave us permission to close the store, and we went to a ball to be given that evening. I had been paying my respects to Miss Kate—George also seemed interested in her welfare, and knew that I would be certain to send her my compliments sometime during the day, and request her company to the ball.

In order to get ahead of me, he sent his invitation quite early in the morning. I was not in a hurry, and George triumphantly showed me his note of acceptance; so when evening came, I determined I would not attend the ball or stay in the store. We closed about dark. George was ready to start, but had some moments to spare, when I to amuse himself, he picked up an old revolver, which we always kept about the store, and was pointing it at different objects in the room, remarking how easy he could put a hole through it.

When he pointed at an oil can, which was quite full, I immediately inserted a pin near the seat of his pants, which caused him to pull the trigger. Zip! the bullet went through the can, and the oil commenced running out in quite a stream through the holes the bullet made.

"Jump quick, and stop the leak with your finger!" I exclaimed.

George knew the mischief would be to pay if our employer found the floor covered with oil, and he obeyed my order immediately. Then a happy thought struck me: I would lead him to the door, and take Miss Kate myself. Amid a volley of oaths, I made my hasty departure. Arriving at the residence of Miss Kate, I informed her that George was not able to

attend, and had sent me in his stead. Miss Kate accepted his apology, and we attended the ball together. It was late when I returned to the store, and found George still in his uncomfortable position, in a towering rage, and swearing at me profusely.

The bullet had passed through the can, and he dared not remove either hand. I then procured an empty barrel, intending to pump out the oil below the bullet hole, but in order to do this, it was necessary for him to be on the other side of the can. He agreed to the change if I would hold my fingers over the holes until he went around the can. This was unwise enough to consent to.

No sooner had he got into this fix than he proceeded to wash his hands; then taking up the lamp he went upstairs to bed. I was mad; language cannot express my feelings. I swore, I clenched, then I tried to bribe him to relieve me. Like him, I dared not leave the can, for I knew it would cause my dismissal if our employer found the new floor spilt with oil, besides the damage it would do to the goods.

How I spent the remainder of the night I shall not attempt to describe; it is sufficient to say I stayed there until morning.

—Waverly.

Cordling a Bedstead.

It is a little singular why your wife's mother will persist in sleeping on a cord bedstead. But she does. You don't think so much of this until you are called upon to put it up, which event generally takes place late in the evening. The bedstead has been cleaned in the afternoon, and having been soaked through with hot water, is now ready for putting up. Your wife holds the lamp and takes charge of the conversation. The rope has been in use several times in the course of the cleaning, and having swollen to a diameter greater than the holes in the rails, has also got into a bit of coiling up into its original order at this, but pretty soon wonder ceases to be a virtue, and then you scold. The thread which has been wound around the end of the rope to facilitate its winding in the holes has split, and you have to roll it up again.

Then, after you have pulled it through eight holes, your wife makes the discovery that you have started wrong. The way that rope comes out of those holes is not your wife's, but yours. You have to make your wife get closer to the door. Then you try again, and get it tangled in your legs. By this time you notice that this is the smallest bed-room in the house, and you will all sit down on the floor, the fact being observed: "Why on earth don't you open the door? Do you want to smother me?" She opens the door, and you start again, and she helps you with the rope. First she puts it on the wall, then she comes up the chimney and scowls your nose. Just as you need it the most you lose sight of it entirely, and turning round, you find her standing there, and how that man has put on the whitewash. This excites you and brings out the perspiration in great profusion, and you declare you will kick the bedstead out of the house. She comes around, and finally the cord is laid all right, and you proceed to execute the very delicate job of tightening it. The lower ropes are first tightened, and then the upper ones. On the first one and sinking it down, hanging to the head-board with the clutch of death. Then you step with the other foot on the next line, spring that down, lose your balance, and then you are on the floor, and come down in a heap. This is repeated more or less times across the length of the bed, the only variety being the new places you bruise. The top is then tightened in another way, and you now proceed to that. You first put one foot on each rail, which spreads you some, and as you do it the frightful thought strikes you that if you should slip and fall, you would be split through to the chin. Then you pull up the first rope until your eyes seem to be on the point of rolling out of their sockets, and you are on being convinced that you can't pull it any further without crippling yourself, you catch hold of the next rope and draw that up, and grunt. Then you move along the next rail, pull that up, and grunt again. Just as you have got to the middle, and commence to think that you are about through even if your joints will never again set as the did, you find the head-board, and you are in the connection, and find that you have got to go back and do it all over. Here you pause for a few minutes of precarious refreshment, and then slowly and carefully you work your way back, and you jump down and walk back, because you are afraid to spread out in that way again. You sort of waddle back, working the way inch by inch, and with consummate care, the spider web of the bedstead, now becomes so excited as to lose his presence of mind. It would be instant death if he did. 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